

Stories of Gay New York by Night

★ THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
★ THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."

Mlle. DOUVREZ--ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING OF THE PARISIAN ACTRESSES.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, January 27, 1906

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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
NORVAL BAPTIE, CHAMPION SKATER.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Pitcher Al Orth has signed with the Highlanders for 1906.

Sysonby, the greatest horse of the age, has been entered in all the big handicaps.

The Cincinnati Club will train at Marlin Springs, Texas, and will start South on March 4.

A Cincinnati sporting man is planning to erect an auditorium in that city to be used exclusively for boxing.

There is a rumor that Connie Mack and Jimmy Collins will buy out the Boston American League club.

William Haltman recently defeated William Hammel, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in a series of roller skating races.

Dreyfuss says there will be no cuts in salary by the Pittsburgh Club. It wouldn't be well for him to try it on Honus.

John Gruben, the wrestling partner of George Hackenschmidt, has been engaged to coach the University of Columbia wrestlers.

Bill Bradley and Elmer Flick have signed their 1906 contracts, which indicate that the Cleveland Club has not adopted the cut-down policy.

Thomas F. McCarthy, the famous major league player of ten years ago, has been engaged to coach the Dartmouth College players next season.

After struggling for three hours, a wrestling match between Frank Wittner and Sam Maburger at Cincinnati, O., recently, was declared a draw, without either man gaining a fall.

The 2-year-old colt by Moko, out of Fanny Glencoe, by Victor Von Bismarck, is a most promising youngster. He went a mile recently in 2:29, last half in 1:07½, after only six weeks' work.

President Pulliam of the National League announces that he will be unable to furnish umpires for college games. The colleges must now get together and agree upon umpires for their games.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF
Bicyclists,
Swimmers,
Strong Men,
Runners and

ATHLETES OF ALL KINDS

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

FROM THE MIMIC WORLD —BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM— OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Interesting Gossip Picked up Here and There About the Artists Playing the Continuous Houses.

PROFESSIONAL NEWS SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE

Vaudeville Actors and Actresses are Requested to Send Artistic Character Photographs for Reproduction in Halftone.

Victoria Parker and her dogs are booked until Spring.

Edna Aug is back in vaudeville again and making her usual hit.

Nan Engleton and Company were especially engaged to entertain on New Year's the Jefferson Club, of Richmond, Va., the most exclusive club of

Billy O'Day has signed for fourteen weeks on the Henderson circuit.

Harry Holman has been playing the Mozart houses, in his monologue, with great success.

Hayward and Hayward have severed all connection with Charles Farrell and joined hands with Frank J. Conroy, late of Conroy and Pearl, who



BESSIE McCOY.

One of the Most Beautiful of the Many Good Looking Soubrettes at the New York Hippodrome, and Managers Bid High for Her Services.

the South, and were an immense success. Consequently they have been engaged for the Southern park circuit for twelve weeks, beginning in June.

George H. Seymour is in Corpus Christi, Texas, breaking in a new dog act. He will probably take a colored minstrel show on the road.

Cora Miskell, Bernice and the Gold Dust Twins are being featured over the Bijou circuit, and report meeting with great success with their four act.

Sallie Randall, the singing comedienne, has returned to vaudeville, and has booked twelve weeks in the Middle West, where she is scoring a big success.

Nellie Rutledge resigned the position of pianist at the Novelty Theatre, Omaha, Neb., to accept a season's engagement with Winchester & Miller, of the Gem Theatre, Council Bluffs, Ia.

The Consolidated Street Railway Company, of Worcester, Mass., will erect a steel theatre on the Shrewsbury site of Lake Quinsigamond, in which comic opera will be given next Summer.

Lillian Doherty, formerly of the Doherty Sisters, has taken the place of Grace Gardner, with Jack Mason's Society Belles. Miss Gardner resigned to begin rehearsals as prima donna of "The Golf Players," a new act now being prepared for vaudeville by Mr. Mason.

will play the blackface comedy part in "Marriage is Sublime." They are now closing the olio with Miss New York, Jr., and are meeting with grand success.

Bence and Aller recently closed a successful season with the Sherman-Platt Stock Company, and are booked in vaudeville over the Nash circuit.

Manager John Graham, of Boston, has completed a three-night stand circuit of ten houses in England for the Graham Refined Vaudeville Companies.

Alexander Brown, brother of the Musical Brown Brothers, has accepted the position of stage manager at the Clark Street Museum Theatre, Chicago.

Aimee Angeles has gone into vaudeville, making her first appearance playing the Proctor, Percy Williams and Hammerstein theatres. Her last appearance was in "The Rollicking Girl."

The Cycling Zanoras who are the vaudeville feature with the Dot Carroll Company, are meeting with great success. They finish their act in one, by riding down a thirty-foot ladder two high standing on a

THE ODDS IN POKER

Can be discovered, and the chips will be in front of you if you will get and study a copy of Poker: How to Win. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

unicycle. Late in April they will sail for London, to open at the Hippodrome in May for a long engagement.

Dave and Percy Martin are presenting a rural sketch in vaudeville called "Harvest Time."

Walter J. Gossen, the Alabama Wizard, is a feature of the De Rue Brothers' Ideal Minstrels.

G. B. Bedard has signed as stage manager for the Cabaret Du Gymnase Music Hall, at Montreal, Canada.

Cook and Hall joined the Colonial Stock Company at Augusta, Me., to do specialties between the acts.

Harold Kelly and Flora Wentworth are playing a sketch called "The Thoroughbred," over the Majestic circuit.

Louise Arnot and Tom Gunn report continued success in Charles Horwitz's Irish comedietta, "Regan's Luck."

Ed Martin, formerly of Martin and Lansdale, has taken the management of the Trafalgar Hotel, New York City.

Nate Leipzig opened at the Palace, London, on Jan. 25, for a season of five weeks. He is billed in Europe for several months.

Reid Miller and Lillian Zerda (Lillian Lee) have finished the Crystal circuit, at San Francisco, with the Sullivan & Considine circuit to follow.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Carter, after a twenty-two months' tour of the Pacific Coast and Nash and O'Brien circuits, opened on the Bijou circuit for twenty weeks.

Ollie Young and Brother are a feature with Orrin Brothers' Circus, in Mexico. They open on the Proctor circuit at the Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, on Feb. 11.

Harry Le Clair has finished a highly successful engagement of twenty weeks over the Keith, circuit, and started on the Orpheum and Kohl & Castle circuits.

Jim Dalton and Stan Arden have closed successful engagements over the Nash circuit, finishing at the Unique Theatre, Minneapolis, with Chicago to follow.

John Birch, "The Man with the Hats," received an unusually complimentary notice for his work in the Boston *Traveler*, while he was playing at Keith's.

Carson and Willard have closed their company and have returned to vaudeville. Their time is filling rapidly, and they will have few idle days for the rest of the season.

Every actor should have a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, illustrated, because it contains facts they ought to know. It can be carried in the vest pocket, but all the sporting records worth knowing are between the covers. Sent for six two-cent stamps. Get busy.

Roy Morrison has joined the Spain Comedy Company, touring Indiana, doing his black face and kid specialty, and is being featured. He is having excellent success.

The Morgans (Huse N. and Bessie) having closed with the "Fabio Roman" Company are getting up benefits for different lodges in Iowa, and report success. They have several good offers for next season.

H. K. Wenrick is no longer connected with the American Newsboys Quartette. He has joined the original Castle Square Quartette, which is now composed of H. K. Wenrick, D. R. Bell, L. Henninger and C. F. Glick.

Kennedy and Vincent joined the John L. Sullivan Company in Topeka, Kan., for the rest of the season. Their new piano act, "Fingernail's Call," has met with great favor. They carry sixteen people and every act makes more than good.

Rusco & Holland recently bought a new sleeping car from the Pullman Company, at Denver, Colo. The car will be known as Georgia, and is used by the Richards & Pringle Minstrels.

William Davis and Company have made a decided impression over the Interstate circuit with the playlet, "Daniel and His Lion." The press has been unanimous in praise both of the text and the handling of it by Mr. Davis and Maude Neal.

Johnny Ray, in his musical frolic "Down the Pike," was in New York recently, playing to large houses. His chorus is one of the finest on the road, and the show is prettier and more brilliant than ever. His noble self as the "Janitor" is one big smile.

The Herr Jansen Company has finished ten consecutive weeks through the Central States, seven of which were return dates. Jansen's billiard ball sensation is causing excellent newspaper comment, and managers claim it a great comedy illusion act.

Egbert Van Alstyne and Louise Henry, the composer and "Sal Skinner Gal," have purchased an old Virginia plantation, which Mrs. Van Alstyne has named "The Navajo." It is located near Winchester, and is one of the finest fruit farms in old Virginia.

The Musical Johnstons, Florence, Albert and James, sailed from New York recently, on the Cunard liner Campania, for Liverpool, and began their tour on Jan. 18, at Greenock, Scotland. They will play all of the big cities in Great Britain, France and Germany, and have ten weeks at the Alhambra Theatre, London. They will return to America January, 1907.

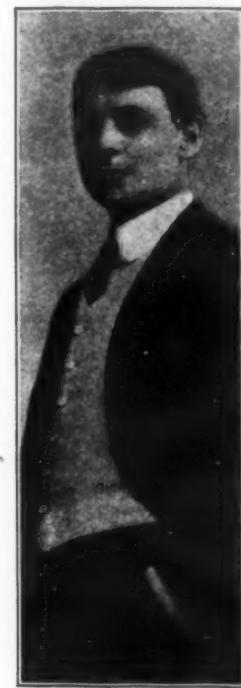
SCENES • OF • GAY • NEW • YORK

The Boy Who Thought He Was Pretty Fly and Hit Broadway With a Ten Thousand Dollar Bill.

WHAT HAPPENED TO IT AND TO HIM

He Cut a Wide Swath While He Lasted, But at the Finish He Was Trimmed Nicely by a Girl Who Knew Her Book.

NO. 13.



IKE SWIFT.

cause years count for everything with her.

This particular boy has just had his first experience, and that is the excuse for this story—if an excuse is needed. He has laid the foundation stone upon which he is going to build his life, and in the building he will use many stones of many colors, sizes and shapes.

You see him sitting there disconsolate, miserable and wretched. His home, as luxurious a one as anybody would want, is not more than a dozen blocks away, and he will wind up there in the course of the next forty-eight hours, for he is practically broke.

I call him The Boy With The Ten Thousand Dollar Bill.

Just a few years ago his father died. A few weeks later the family lawyer was in the drawing room reading the will of the deceased, and near the end of the document he came to a clause which stipulated:

"On his twenty-first birthday my son shall receive from the balance of moneys unexpended a bill of the denomination of \$10,000 to do with as he shall see fit, and he shall not be asked to account for the expenditure of it to anyone in anyway whatsoever."

That was a curious item for even a curious will, but the estate was big and the founder of that fortune felt evidently that he could afford to experiment with a mere ten thousand, even after his death, that the lesson might be of benefit to the heir.

The object is obvious.

Three months ago the boy became of age, and on that day he received the bank note which to him seemed like a fortune, so he felt that he owned the world.

A man can do a lot of good in New York with that amount of money, and a boy can do a lot of harm.

This boy knew in advance the good fortune that was coming to him, and in looking around he made up his mind that the first thing a man of his means should buy would be an automobile costing \$4,000, so the day he got the money he bought the car, and he received in exchange a bundle of crisp five-hundred bills.

He must have thought those bills represented the wealth of Croesus, or that they were magic, and no matter how many he might use, some mysterious agency would replace them.

At 11:30 o'clock that night the new automobile was backed up against the stage door of a Broadway playhouse, and half an hour later it was filled with as many girls as could possibly be crowded in.

In that startling way the boy with the big bill made his debut into the society of the line. He gave the girls a dinner that they are talking of yet, and before two hours had gone by they were calling him pet names and incidentally trying to get a line on the actual size of his bank roll. They worked individually, and each

one could in fancy see herself installed in a fine house, mistress of unlimited means and the wife of an especially easy mark, made to order for a chorus girl.

You see he was so liberal that he deceived them, although as a matter of fact, young ladies with their wide experience ought to have known better, and have figured out the limit of his possibilities.

These ten thousand dollars were left by the dead man to be a bait for the wolves, and he had arranged it so that the hand of his son should feed it to them bit by bit. There were other thousands behind these and they were to be protected by the knowledge of the fate of the ones which had gone before. It was willed that ten thousand dollars of experience might be bought with it, and the boy was doing his share of it very well.

times happens in this world—that which was impossible.

But through it all he never showed his hand.

He was dining one night with an especially nice little girl of the stage to whom he had shown a lot of attention—which means in stage parlance that he had brought her presents worth while accepting.

They had come to the third bottle of wine, and to her way of thinking, the time seemed about ripe for what she had in mind.

"A man who's been in the business a long time was telling me the other night that I ought to have a show of my own," she mused, as she sipped her wine.

She had made a careful and skillful cast and she waited.

"Why don't you?" he asked presently.

That was quicker action than she had dared to expect.

"I ought to have done it two years ago when I had a friend that wanted to start me out on the road. Don't you think I'm as good as Blanche Bates?"

"How was it you didn't go?" he queried, ignoring her question.

"Well, you see, I didn't like this party, and I wouldn't accept favors from no one I didn't like. It don't cost much to put a show on if you know how, and there's a lot of money in it if it's a hit."

"About how much?"

"Twelve or fifteen thousand dollars would do it up in great shape. I think a nice little comic opera would be good. The kind Lillian Russell has. All she makes good on is her looks and that's not so much. I could take a few music lessons while the play was being fixed

remarkable part of the whole affair was that there was any money left. But towards the latter part of the game he had been growing wise, or he thought he was, at any rate. He stopped the five dollar tips and he was cutting out a night here and there. He might have retired with honors if he hadn't met Blanche.

Good-looking, slick, clever Blanche, the regret of whose life was that she hadn't met him first and got it all in one solid chunk. He didn't know it, but he was made for Blanche, and what was more to the point, she knew it. In fact, there were very few things she didn't know.

His talk about his brokers didn't switch her in the least. There had been a time in her life when she might have believed it, but that time had gone by. She had lived in a fool's paradise just once and that was enough for her.

He actually wanted to marry her, but she wouldn't consider it for a moment, because she didn't figure him out as a future proposition for more than a couple of thousand at the most.

"You're all right, Harry," she said once, "but we won't have any marrying just now. What we will do is go shopping. I want to furnish a flat so I can really have a home of my own and you will be just as welcome there as if you owned it yourself, so come along and we'll pick the things out. You have very nice taste in such matters, I know, and we can have a good time buying."

Good speech that, and very nicely delivered, and he liked her well enough to find no flaw in it. But when the time really came for the buying there was something else she had to do, so she said:

"Don't you bother your head about this; just give me the money; I know what I want; I have the list all made out. I'll buy them and fix them up and when everything is ready I'll have you come up and look at them and tell me what you think. I know my taste is not as good as yours, but I'll do the best I can."

Please bear in mind that he was only a boy—just twenty-one years old—then you will understand perhaps why it was he fell for so old a story.

At this point you've got it all figured out. In your opinion she took the coin and simply faded away.

Nothing of the kind.

He saw her once every twenty-four hours at least and she reported progress, and then one day he got a note telling him to come up and see the new place.

She received him at the door herself and if the little flat had been a palace she couldn't have been more delighted. It was so very fine that when she told him she had gone into debt just a little bit he promptly asked how much and paid up without even so much as a murmur. It was so easy that she ought to have given it back to him a little while just to hold.

When he went away he had a latch key and was about as proud a fellow as it was possible to be and walk straight.

As in a play so in a story—the finish is everything.

It must be good and it must be quick.

The earlier parts of the story or the scenes may lag, but nothing like that will do at the end.

Blanche had been on the stage, and consequently she knew the value of "finis."

He was to go on a hunting trip for a week, and in her opinion the critical moment had about arrived. She intuitively divined the end of the string. One night at a little dinner in the flat she talked to him about money matters, and such was the charm of her manner that presently he was telling her all about himself, and the romance of the ten thousand dollar bill.

"And how much have you left of all this?" she asked softly.

"Oh, I don't know, about seven or eight hundred."

"Well, I think you've been very, very foolish. You're going away on week's trip and a hundred really ought to do you. Just give the rest to me and I will take good care of it until you come back, and then you will have it. You want to be careful of what you have now; you are altogether too liberal, and you do too much for people."

That was the reason when he went away on that trip that he was a trifle shy financially, and so far to the bad that he had to borrow to get back in good shape.

From the Grand Central station he took a cab to the flat. It seemed as though he couldn't get there quick enough. He went up the stairs two at a time. He came to the door.

There was a light, dim, but still a light, shining feebly over the transom. He put the key in the lock, turned it, opened the door and went in. He took four steps in the private hall. Then a man's arm went around his neck and a voice asked:

"What are you doing here?"

He had nerve and he wasn't the least bit flustered.

"If you'll let go that strangle I'll tell you," he said.

"Where's Blanche?"

That was the opening for the story, which he told very well under the circumstances.

"She never owned this furniture," spoke up the man, when the tale had been concluded. "This flat is rented furnished. She left here about a week ago, and I live here now."

Now we get the curtain.

He has finished his dinner and he's going home. That's the best place anyhow. What right has a boy like that to be on Broadway with ten thousand dollars?

Ike Swift.



HE HAD THEM ALL GOING WITH STORIES OF HIS GREAT BANK ROLL.

He left his home and took a nice little apartment so that he could have more liberty, which he needed just about that time. He lunched with a soubrette and dined with a singer.

If he liked a show or fancied one of the girls in it, he engaged a box every night for the week. The crowd dubbed him The Little Millionaire, and he deserved the title, for he was certainly playing the star part.

His automobile, which always carried a bunch of freight from which ribbons and feathers fluttered, denoting the sex of the wearers, of course, shot up and down and in and out in a most spectacular manner, and it, as much as anything else, helped to make him popular.

Between you and I, he must have known a bit about finance, for it looked to those who were watching his career, as if he was spending about ten thousand a week, and so he got the reputation of doing—as some

WHEN YOU PLAY POKER
You want to play to win, of course. You can dope the game out if you know how. Poker: How to Win, will show you. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

up and it wouldn't be long before I could make them all sit up and look me over."

There was a moment's pause and then she aimed at the bull's eye:

"What's the matter with you backing it?"

"That's what I was just thinking about," was the answer. "I'll look into it and if it's all right I'll see my broker and give you a chance to see what you can, do as a star."

He was talking like an old timer and he had her going in a minute. But that was only one of his jokes and for two weeks he kept it up. Then he told her of some enormous investments he had made which had tied him up temporarily, while she had to go around explaining to her friends that it was all off about what she had been telling them.

There was one proposition this gay young sport hadn't figured on, for all going out and nothing coming in makes a quick, and as a rule, a spectacular finish. A fellow starts out like a three-time winner and comes under the wire with nothing but a bundle of junk, without even knowing his right name.

Two months of the three had gone by and the most



Photo by Morrison: Chicago.
LILLIAN SIEGER, WHO PLAYS A CORNET.



Photo by White: New York.
AMELIA KARL IN A SERIOUS MOOD.



Photo by Chickering: Boston.
BESSIE VAN NESS AND HER SMILE.



THE SUPERBLY PROPORTIONED FIGURE OF MLL. BIANCA.



OLIVE ULRICH, MAKES A CHARMING URCHIN.

HERE ARE FIVE BEAUTIES.

THEIR PORTRAITS ARE WORTH PRINTING BECAUSE EACH ONE HAS SOME ESPECIAL CHARM.



ROBERT MUNGIVEN.

*CLEVER MALE TOE DANCER WHO IS
ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.



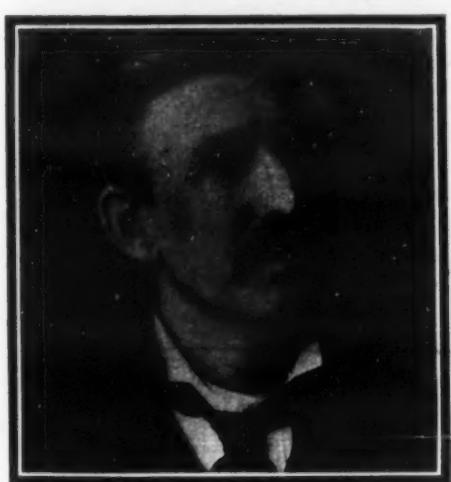
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C. BOLDEN.

SECRETARY BARBERS UNION
OF SAVANNAH, GA.



PHILBIN—M'LAUGHLIN—M'ARDLE.

THREE SPORTING MEN OF HARLEM WHO ARE
EXPERTS ON PIT DOGS AND GAME BIRDS.



O. THOMPSON.

CRACK SHOT AND HUNTER
OF GALESBURG, MICH.



G. H. DRITSCH.

A ST. LOUIS SALOONKEEPER READY FOR
ONE OF HIS HUNTING TRIPS.

A LITTLE EASY MONEY

-ALMOST TOO EASY-

FOR A SLICK BOOKMAKER

He Had the Ability and Plenty of the Necessary Nerve to Make a Book and Win With no Ponies.

BET UPON HIS KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE

This Story Goes to Show That a Great Many People Are Soft Marks if You Will Only Lay Out the Dope Right.

During the last racing meet at Bennington a New York bookmaker made some bets that are worth writing about. He took the ground that any man with a front—decent clothes and a shave and a smile—can touch strangers anywhere and at any time and get enough change for his needs.

"It's only the fellow with the down and out look that's up against it," he said. "It's only human nature for the prosperous man to sort of nudge away from the shabby looking duck who asks him for a stake, big or little. Like gives up to like."

"As long as I had a proper front and makeup I wouldn't feel worried if I was broke anywhere from New York to New Zealand. I'd know that I could always pick up a bit of change for the asking, just on the strength of my front."

Some of the other bookmakers thought differently. They contended that when a well clothed man asks a stranger for aid the stranger is bound to regard him with suspicion and to determine that there must be something wrong about a fellow who, possessing a good exterior and a decent getup, is nevertheless asking for charity.

"All right," said the bookmaker with the strong belief in the effeminate virtue of a front. "I'll bet you fellows \$50 that I can borrow a dollar from any man that passes by here during the next ten minutes, and I'll let you pick out the man yourself."

"You're on," said three or four of the other bookmakers in chorus, the wager instantly striking them as something pretty soft. Washingtonians are not noted as particularly easy marks when it comes to surrendering to hurry touches.

So the bookmakers who figured that they had a good bet began to sort over the passing strangers. The man who just suited them did not make his appearance for several moments. They let all of the fat, comfortable looking fellows go by, as well as the men of ordinary build and bulk whose faces denoted good nature and liberality.

The man they finally picked out for the optimistic bookmaker to go up against was a tall, lean, crabbed looking man of 50 or so, with a heavily lined face, little gray whiskers forward of his ears, and a certain ministerial air. He was not particularly well dressed, and an average person would have picked him out as a tight wad.

"There's one with the glued mitt," said the bookmaker who had taken the view opposite to that of the suave layer. "He's our pick. Mace him, and see how quick you fall down."

The smooth bookmaker instantly stepped out from

loan later, I wouldn't forget the favor for a hundred years."

The man with the general aspect of a hard proposition surveyed the applicant for a dollar loan keenly from beneath bushy brows. Then he unbuttoned the two lower buttons of his overcoat, and his right hand travelled to his trousers pocket.

"Well," he said, in a good natured sort of a way, "it's pretty raw weather for a man of your appearance to be down and out. Ponies, hey? Better flag 'em, son. Tried the ponies myself for a good many years, but they always took me. Bookmakers are the only people who get anything out of that game in the long run," and he produced a roll that held only three one dollar bills, and handed one of them over to the bookmaker.

"Never mind the card and address part of it. Hope you'll get going again. Been down and out myself lots of times," and with a nod he started to go his way.

The thing had been done only thirty feet away from the lounging group of bookmakers, and they saw the dollar note handed over to the bookmaker whose fifty had looked so soft to them. The bookmaker who had got the dollar held up the bill so that the others could see it plainly, and they nodded to him that he'd copped.

The bookie stepped hastily after the tall man who had so belied his appearance, and with a very broad grin handed the dollar back to him. "Only a little bet I made with those fellows over there," he explained, and then he told the cadaverous man of the terms of the wager. "Not a bit less obliged to you, all the same, sir. Won't you join us in a little something?"

But the tall man said that he had an appointment to keep, and, after a pleasant hand shake he went his way with his dollar back in his pocket and the consciousness of having behaved generously, even when generosity wasn't called for.

The bookmaker who had won joined his companions, and they promptly made up the \$50 between them and handed it to him.

That same evening almost the same bookmakers were standing outside the lobby of a vaudeville theatre waiting for the time to arrive for the show to begin. They were considerably ahead of time, as they had made an early start after dinner in order to get the seats. They were all in evening clothes.

"I call 'em a pretty nice lot of folks down here in Washington," observed the suave bookmaker. "Helpful people. They'll do anything for a fellow that looks right to them."

"Oh, they're about the same here as they are everywhere," said one of the other layers. "Themselves first, and you or anybody else for the leavings. That's the universal idea."

"Well, that may be," replied the oily bookmaker, "but I think they'll go a little further here to help a fellow than they will in lots of other places. It's such a cosmopolitan sort of a town, Washington, that the people are broader here and not so much wrapped up in themselves as they are in some other places I could mention."

"Back up," said one of the others. "You got to show me."

"All right," said the smooth one. "I'll prove it," and he deliberately pulled one end of his black bow tie—he was wearing a Tuxedo coat—and, yanking the tie from around his collar, coiled it up and placed it in his overcoat pocket.

"Now," he said to the other bookmakers, "I'll bet you fifty that I can borrow a black string tie, to replace this one of my own that I've put away, from any man wearing one of that kind that passes by here and that you fellows pick out, with the stipulation, of course, that he isn't going to the theatre and therefore won't

need the tie immediately himself."

"You're on again," said several of the layers. "This is where we get bunk for that fifty this morning." They all moved out to the curb and all hands started

JUST OUT. THE NEW 1906 Hoffman House Bartender's Guide. It is by Charley Mahoney, head bartender, and is the most complete ever published. Elegant Illustrations. Price 25 cents; postage 5c. extra.

in to keep a sharp lookout for men wearing black bow ties. A number of men thus rigged as to neckwear came along, but they were all bound for the vaudeville theatre.

After a few moments, however, a dyspeptic looking man of thirty-five or so, wearing the black bow tie that goes with dinner clothes, passed by, and kept right on past the theatre entrance.

"There you go," said the bookmakers who were looking for the get even chance, and the bookmaker who had made the necktie bet pranced right out after the dyspeptic looking chap.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, tapping the latter on the shoulder. "But I'm in a silly mess owing to my absent-mindedness. Are you going to the theatre, or to any place where you'll have to have that string tie of yours?"

The dyspeptic looking man turned, and saw a good looking man in dinner clothes with an overcoat partly buttoned around them, and no necktie around his collar.

"Why, er—no, I'm not going to any theatre," he said.

"Well, it's this way," explained the bookmaker. "I'm taking some ladies to the theatre here this evening, and I had to dress just galloping after dinner in order to get ready in time to go and get them—box party, you see. And I was in such an infernal rush that I clean forgot to put on a necktie."

"Now, I know it's just the limit for galliness, but I'm taking a chance, for I've always bragged about the good nature possessed by the Washington folks. What I want is that you let me have that tie you're wearing, and, if you'll give me your address, I'll send you a new one in the morning."

"Wouldn't ask such a fool thing except that I'm clean up against it, and what am I to do in a theatre box without any necktie on, wouldn't I?"

The dyspeptic looking man grinned.

"Well, I guess I can let you have my tie," he said, as he started to pull it off. "I'm night clerk of that hotel down the street," pointing, "and I'm just going to work. I'll be able to borrow another from one of the fellows at the hotel," and he pulled the tie from his collar, handed it to the bookmaker, and then buttoned his overcoat at the throat so that his lack of a tie wouldn't show.

The bookmaker thereupon explained the situation to the hotel clerk, identified himself, apologized for the bother he'd caused the clerk in getting him to remove his tie and squared it all up nicely. The other bookmakers were only a little distance away, watching the transaction, and again they had to dig to make up the fifty for the chance taking winner of the bet.

On the following evening the smooth layer with the fancy for freak bets made another one.

Directly after dinner he was lounging in the lobby of the Willard with his pencilling cronies when a famous and extremely beautiful American actress stepped out of the elevator with her maid. It was a few moments after 7 o'clock, and the actress was bound for the theatre.

There was some slight delay while her carriage was being summoned, and she stood in the lobby talking to her maid.

"Oh, I guess she's not a raging beauty for nothing," said one of the bookmakers admiringly. "I call her the handsomest woman in the United States. She's barred in the betting when it comes to looks, and I guess the actor man who got her wasn't lucky."

"Yes, and she's just as good as she looks," said another of the layers. "Woman who played in the same company with her for two years told my wife she's the finest character she ever knew."

"I think I'll go over and have a little chat with her," suddenly proposed the suave bookmaker, and the others all sat up in their leather chairs and stared at him.

"You've got another think, mate," said one of them.

"You don't know the lady, do you?"

"No," said the bookmaker of the smooth address, "I never met her. But," and he rose from his seat, "I think I'll go over and have a little conversation with her."

"A hundred even that she flags you," said the layer who had asked the smooth one if he knew the actress.

"On," said the suave one briefly, and then he walked over to where the actress was standing with her maid waiting for the announcement of her carriage. From the clear, unrecognizing gaze with which the actress regarded him as he approached her, evening hat in hand, the others could easily perceive that he had never met her and that she didn't know him from Adam.

But the oily bookmaker had no sooner uttered a dozen words in addressing the actress than she smiled pleasantly upon him and extended her hand. They stood and chatted for about five minutes, and when the bookmaker, a man with considerable grace of manner, was about to leave her she once more extended her hand to him, while the other bookmakers viewed the scene enviously.

It had been easy enough for the bookmaker. He knew that the actress had met myriads of people in a casual sort of way, and that there was no chance in the world for her to recall the faces of even a tenth of those she must have met.

He remembered that last Summer the actress, while in England, had been taken up by English society and made much of, and he recalled having read of the gay party of American and English folk of degree who had attended last year's Derby with the actress, or who had met her in her box at Epsom Downs on that day.

So, in presenting himself to the actress, he simply mumbled the first name he thought of and adverted to himself as having been one of those whom she had met on Derby Day. The bookmaker, gone abroad this winter, knows England and the Continent well, and is acquainted with many persons on the list of the actress's friends, so that he had no difficulty in maintaining the little conversation with her.

After the actress had gone he collected his hundred. They made no more bets with him on any kind of a proposition during the remainder of their stay there. They figured that he had "too close a line on 'em."

WHERE IS LARRY FINNEGAN?

Thomas Hynes, the owner of the Hynes House, 320 Monroe Street, Toledo, O., who was a crack sack racer in his day, would like to have the address of Lawrence A. Finnegan, a table waiter, who gained fame from 1893 up to 1902 as one of the fastest backward sprinters in the East. If Finnegan will show up he can get a good job.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

John Pergantes, of 598 Broad St., Augusta, Ga., challenges any 105-pound boxer. His manager is Ashley S. Johnson.

Matty Matthews, the New York welter-weight, who recently fought a draw with Gene Bezenah at Cincinnati, Ohio, wants another match with the



CHARLES MILLER.

Leading Hunter and Guide of Morgan City, La., who is one of the Best Shots in the South.

Westerner, for any number of rounds. His manager, Cal Harris, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he is willing to split the purse any way suitable to Bezenah.

C. J. Bracht, a lightweight boxer of Quincy, Ill., is out with a challenge to all boxers who can make the weight.

There is only one Sporting Annual for 1906 worth considering, and that is the one published by the POLICE GAZETTE. Any good newsdealer will get it for you, if not, send twelve cents in stamps to this office. It's really worth a dollar.

The Jackson Brothers, of 2201 De Kalb St., St. Louis, Mo., challenge any bag punchers between the ages of 15 and 18 years.

A Brooklyn barber would like to meet any in Greater New York.—Dominick Sofia, 4712 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Henry M. Schiffer, of 265 East Fourth St., New York, manager of Kid Smith, will match him against any lightweight in the East.

Elias Segalowitz, 29 Pike Street, New York, manager of the Oxford Five Basketball Team of Brooklyn, challenges teams whose players average 100 pounds.

I am desirous of meeting Clarence English or Otto Siehoff at 138 pounds for any number of rounds. I have been boxing one year and never met defeat.—Harry Wallace, 518 Cheyenne St., Leavenworth, Kan.

Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight, who is now in the East, paid a visit to the POLICE GAZETTE office recently, and is after trouble with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Jack doesn't understand why O'Brien should draw the color line since he whipped Fizsimmons seeing that he fought George Cole, Black Bill and many other colored aspirants within the past five years.

Steve Mahoney, the popular manager of Jimmy Briggs and Harry Edels, was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently, and stated that he was ready to match Briggs with any of the 133 pounders on the Coast for any number of rounds. Briggs gave McGovern and Young Corbett one of the hardest battles of their career, and his aggressive style would, no doubt, make a hit with fight fans on the Coast.

YOU CAN MIX DRINKS

If you know how, you can learn if you own one of Charley Mahoney's 1906 Hoffman House Guides. It is elaborately illustrated. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

The Police Gazette Sporting Annual for 1906--NOW READY--Only Six 2c. Stamps. It's a Marvel

The Champion 35-pound Fighting Dog of New England, owned by J. P. Colby of Newburyport, Mass.

JERRY.

The party of fellow layers and approached the lean, crabbed looking individual from behind.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, not in any whining tone, but politely, halting the cadaverous man, who turned around and stopped, "but I find I'm in pretty bad, and I'd take it kindly if you would give me a bit of a lift. Came down here from New York with the ponies, and I'm cleaned, and cleaned proper. All in, down to the breakfast coin. If you'd slip me a dollar, along with a card giving your address, so that I could return the

need the tie immediately himself."

"You're on again," said several of the layers. "This is where we get bunk for that fifty this morning."

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IN THE PUGILISTIC REALM

Aurelio Herrera Knocks Out Young Corbett in the Fifth Round of a Short but Hard-fought Battle.

LEWIS AND FITZGERALD GO 25 ROUNDS TO A DRAW

The Bothner-Swanson Wrestling Match Ended Unsatisfactorily—New York City the Mecca for Three-round Fighters.

YOUNG CORBETT KNOCKED OUT.

Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican boxer, defeated Young Corbett in five rounds before the Pacific A. C., at Los Angeles, Cal., on Jan. 12, in a hard fought battle. The Mexican was waiting for a chance to deliver his famous right-hand punch to the jaw, wading in and taking Corbett's right and left swings in the hope of landing a knockout punch. His chance came in the last half of the fifth round.

There was plenty doing in the first round. Corbett began cautiously sparring, but Herrera soon shook him up with a stiff left to the face. During the round Corbett took three terrific punches, but didn't mind it. The Mexican did not escape punishment.

Corbett opened the second with a rush, and put a right to the stomach. He followed this up with a terrific one to the face. Corbett stayed cool, although the Mexican came back hard. Just as the bell rang Corbett got in a fearful straight right to the stomach. It was the hardest blow of the round. At this point Corbett looked to have the battle well in hand, although the Mexican was not distressed by the hard blow.

Herrera was the one to open the ball in the third. He landed a pretty straight left, but got a swift one in return. Then Corbett began his time-honored swinging. He rushed wildly and bore Herrera to the ropes. Herrera played for the body with good effect. A hard uppercut on the jaw jarred Corbett and he began swinging again. It was an even round and either looked the winner.

The fourth opened furiously. Corbett rushed the Mexican all over the ring, but missed most of his swings. A left swing, however, sent Herrera spinning to the ropes. Corbett followed this with a hook to the jaw and was landing hard lefts and rights to the body at the bell. As Corbett walked to his corner he winked to his friends near the ring and he certainly looked the winner, for the Mexican was very weary.

Then came the fatal fifth so far as Corbett was concerned. Both came up slowly. Herrera was the first to get busy. He sent in a straight left to the head and then followed it up with a right to the jaw that sent Corbett to the floor. Corbett was up laughing, but the Mexican was after him like a flash. Corbett began to stall at this point. The dark-skinned Mexican noticed it, and rushing in sent Corbett down again with a terrific right to the jaw. Corbett got up groggy.

He was staggering about, but he soon went down again from a stiff left.

Once more Corbett got up, and then Herrera ended matters with another right to the jaw. The referee did not do any counting, for Corbett was plainly out.

KNOCKOUT FOR ROGERS.

With a pretty right-hand hook to the jaw, Cy Flynn, of Buffalo, knocked out Charley Rogers, colored, in

LEWIS AND FITZ DRAW.

After twenty-five rounds of fighting, most of which was punctuated by clinching and holding on, Referee Eddie Graney declared the battle between Willie Lewis and Willie Fitzgerald a draw. The bout was held at Colma, Cal., a suburb of San Francisco, on Jan. 12.

When they shaped up in the opening round Lewis appeared to be a legitimate welterweight, while Fitzgerald appeared several pounds lighter. In the first ten rounds Fitzgerald had an easy lead. Lewis did not extend himself until the eleventh, and in this round he found the Brooklyn lad full of fight. At the end of the round Lewis went to his corner apparently groggy.

Lewis showed wonderful recuperative powers in the twelfth and did his best fighting in this round. He took a chance with the Brooklynite, and floored him with a clean right to the jaw. Fitz was up in an instant. Lewis had the best of the fighting in this round, and it looked as if he had been holding back to get a line on his man. His system was to spar at long range and shove his left in. He kept his right in reserve, as he appeared to be afraid to leave himself open to attack.

Lewis had a shade the better of the next few rounds until the fifteenth, when Fitz had his man reeling from a series of hard rights and lefts to the head. Lewis evened matters somewhat near the end of the round by giving an exhibition of real fighting. While in the clinches Fitz did some good work, and he had his opponent's ribs looking crimson at the conclusion.

From the fifteenth on each round was nearly alike. Not at any time did either have the other at his mercy. Fitz forced matters in the last five rounds, but Lewis did not appear willing to mix it. The gallery called for the referee to break them, and though Graney commanded them to stop holding, they did not seem to heed his command. The final round was a hugging match, and Lewis appeared to be very tired.

When the bell sounded for the end of the battle Graney immediately declared it a draw.

There was a good audience present and they were more than repaid for their visit to Colma by the first fight, between Bob Lundy, who has been sparring with Neil Nelson during his theatrical tour in the East, and Charley Dunn, the Iron Man. Both are lightweights and were scheduled to go ten rounds. Willie Britt made his debut as a referee and made good. He kept them fighting at all times, and but little clinching resulted. The end came in the eighth, when Dunn had gone down several times and was all in. Britt wisely declared Lundy a winner. Lundy showed much improvement and put up an excellent fight.

"NEEDLE'S" FAILED TO CONNECT.

Young O'Brien, known as the Harlem Darning Needle, above the Harlem River, failed to penetrate Rube McCarthy's guard at the weekly show of the Alexandria A. C., New York, on Jan. 8. McCarthy, who

and when the fight was over O'Brien's visage looked as if it was in need of immediate darning.

The star bout was between Andy McGarry and Dick Miller. McCarry was entitled to the decision.

The other goes results as appended. Frankie Ahern had a shade over Jeff O'Connell. George Kuzen did a lot of sprinting in his encounter with Charley Goldman. The latter seemed to be the victor. John Miley and Charley Reilly biffed and banged each other without regard to science or caution. Mike Mallen and Billy Kelly kept at each other for the greater part of their contest.

BOTHNER DISABLED.

George Bothner, the crack lightweight wrestler, had his right arm dislocated after wrestling one hour and thirty minutes with Alex Swanson, the Swedish wrestler, at the Grand Central Palace, New York, on Jan. 12.

Neither man secured a fall during the bout. Up to the time of the accident Bothner had an equal chance to win.

Both men were very cautious at the start, and did not indulge in any hard work until five minutes had elapsed. Then they went to the mat, Swanson being on top.

Several times it looked as if Swanson had Bothner's shoulders down, but George would wriggle and get back to safety.

Swanson kept bending his right arm back, continually trying for an arm lock, and in one of these struggles he gave Bothner's arm an extra twist. There was a snap loud enough to be heard all over the house, and Bothner rose to his feet with an expression of pain on his face.

Bothner was game and wanted to continue if there was a possibility of getting his arm fixed. After an examination by several physicians, who declared that it would be utterly impossible for him to continue, Bothner reluctantly gave up the idea.

The referee was Florrie Barnett, and the timer, Gus Rubin, the Akron Giant.

Several other bouts preceding the main event.

Young Hackenschmidt, the Bavarian Giant, and Neil Olsen, the Great Dane, wrestled Greco-Roman style for fifteen minutes. This bout was very fast. Hackenschmidt was the heavier and more aggressive, but Olsen's cleverness saved him time after time from what looked like sure falls. Neither man could gain a fall, and the bout was called a draw.

Young Munday defeated Paddy Carroll at catch-as-catch-can, throwing him two out of three falls. Young Muldoon and Charley Well wrestled twenty minutes at catch-as-catch-can, neither man obtaining a fall. A big crowd witnessed the bouts.

FOUGHT WITH BROKEN FINGER.

Jack Dunn and Jack Young, both of Newcastle, fought fifteen rounds before the Nonpareil A. C., at Beaver Falls, Pa., on Jan. 9, and it was declared a draw at the end of that time. The fighting was fast most of the way. In the fourth round Dunn was thrown by his colored opponent, and claimed that one of the fingers of his right hand had been broken, but he continued to fight. Young knowing Dunn's right was in distress, did the best he could to force matters to a finish, but was unable to do much with the fast white fighter, though he was crippled. Both men were down to weight, 133 pounds.

BUFFALO VS. PITTSBURG.

Buffalo and Pittsburgh boxers met in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Jan. 9, in four six-round bouts and honors were about even. The only knockout of the night came in the last fight, when Paul Moore, of Pittsburgh, put Kid Ferns, of Buffalo, out in one punch in the first round.

It took five minutes to bring Ferns around after he had been counted out.

Eddie French, of Buffalo, had things rather easy with Kid Ziringer in the 105-pound class. Tom Lynch, of Pittsburgh, had the better of John O'Donnell, of Buffalo, in their battle at 115 pounds. Kid Busch, of Buffalo, and Jack Bruce, of Pittsburgh, fought six hard rounds. In the last round there was real fighting, and Busch sent Bruce down for the count of seven, and would have finished him had the round been a minute longer.

DOUGHERTY WON.

Jeff Dougherty had a shade the best of Bob Adler in their go at the Pastime A. C., New York, on Jan. 11. Dougherty had fifteen pounds advantage in weight. The fighting was fast and both men landed often. Adler was weak at the finish. Hoboken Tommy Murphy lost to Jack Shaffer, Kid Soley put it over Harry Miller, and Bob Moore had the best of Joe White.

BISTIC PUT OUT.

Kid Fisher and Kid Bistic, two strong Brooklyn featherweights, met in the final bout at the Elder A. C., Brooklyn, on Jan. 8 for three rounds. Fisher worked his two hands in windmill style in the first and chased Bistic to a corner. Bistic ducked and came back with a rattling uppercut to the wind. There was no time lost in the second. Fisher tried to be clever for a while, but after he received a slugger on the ear he began to hustle. He followed Bistic all over the ring, finally putting him to the bad with a crack on the jaw.

Kid Miller and Irish Paddy, a youngster from the Emerald Isle, figured in the first bout. Irish Paddy

showed that he was a fighter. In the final round he pummelled his opponent hard and was the better man at the finish. Mickey McDonough and Tim Donovan kept at each other through the entire three rounds that they fought. McDonough swung, jabbed and hooked. Some of his blows went wide of their mark, but those that landed hurt. It was Mickey's fight. The next affair was between Kill Faulkner and Joe Winfield. Faulkner had a fine left jab that played havoc with



VICTOR MOK.

A Heavyweight Boxer of Glen Haven, Wis., who has a good pair of fists and bars no one.

Winfield's face and nose. Faulkner kept jabbing his man and won in easy fashion. Barney Sunshine was very radiant in his bout with John Stevenson. He rushed and swung almost continually and set a merry pace. He reached Stevenson so hard in the final round that Stevenson had to clinch. Sunshine won. Kid Cooke and Buck Reilly went at each other from the clang of the gong. They did not know much about fighting, but were strong. In the first Cook brought over a right to the jaw and put Reilly to sleep.

VETERAN HAD ENOUGH.

When the bell sounded for the opening of the twelfth round of what was to have been a fifteen-round bout between Kid Sullivan, of Washington, and Austin Rice, of Connecticut, before the Eureka A. C., at Baltimore, Md., on Jan. 12, Rice failed to respond, and Referee O'Hara gave Sullivan the decision. Sullivan outclassed and outfought Rice, who, however, was game and gave a good exhibition.

SAVAGE QUIT COLD.

Tommy King, of Fall River, was declared the winner in the fifth round over Jesse Savage, of Bath, at the rooms of the Augusta A. C., at Augusta, Me., on Jan. 8.

Savage started in a strong clip, keeping it up for three rounds, but King stood the punishment well. In the fourth round King turned the tables and landed such telling blows on his antagonist that he almost had the Bath man out at the close of the round.

In a mixup in the fifth Savage went to the floor and was counted out by the timekeeper, but the referee refused to allow it and ordered the fight to go on. Savage, however, left the ring and King was given the decision.

JACK O'BRIEN SAW BOUTS.

The star bout of the Empire A. C., of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Jan. 10, was between Sailor Burke and Matty Jacobs. Jacobs was suffering from a bad leg and failed to make a good showing in consequence. Burke scored a hard knock-down in the second round and Jacobs was unable to go on.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was a distinguished guest and he made a speech, telling of his future plans.

In the preliminary Harry Odion beat Jim Smith. Dutch Zimmer knocked out Kid Dick in the second round. Mickey McDonald sent Lefty McAuliffe to sleep in the third. Young Kid Griffis and Phil Bradley made it a hard draw. Harry Lortz easily got the best of Frank Simon, Young Heffell and Johnny Coulam fought a draw. George Kitson stopped Gus Simmons in the first. Kid Wilson made Young Neil quit in the third round.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

If you haven't a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, illustrated, you are shy the best book of the year. Twelve cents in stamps brings it to you.



ANDY GARDNER, IDA NICOLAI AND BILL WARD.

A Trio of Clever Performers who are to be Starred by a Well-known New York Theatrical Manager.

the eighth round of their fifteen-round battle at Buffalo, N. Y., on Jan. 8. Flynn jabbed Rogers to pieces, while the negro did his level best to land a winning swing. The cat-like foot work and lightning jabs and jolts of Flynn's were too much for Rogers, who fought a game battle. In the seventh round Cy hammered Rogers all over the ring, planting rights and lefts on the body and jaw at will. They had not boxed a minute of the eighth round when Flynn floored Rogers for a count with a hook to the jaw.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
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THE 1906 SPORTING ANNUAL--Mailed on Receipt of Six 2c. Stamps--Larger and Better Than Ever



THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

A FAMOUS GREAT DANE, PET OF THE ITALIAN SOLDIERS STATIONED AT NAPLES, GOING THROUGH A JUMPING FEAT, WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF HIS MANY INTERESTING TRICKS.



Photo by White : New York.

SHE'S FROM MONTANA.

CHARLOTTE IVAR, AN EXPERT AND INTREPID HORSEWOMAN, WHO RECENTLY ASTONISHED EASTERNERS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BY HER CLEVERNESS IN THE SADDLE.



SAILOR BOYS MIXING IT.

A HOT BOUT BETWEEN A PAIR OF GOOD LIGHTWEIGHTS ABOARD THE UNITED STATES SHIP ALABAMA WITH AN INTERESTED AND APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.



LEARNING LEFT HAND FENCING.

HOW THE JOLLY JACK TARS ARE PUT THROUGH THEIR PACES ABOARD THE UNITED STATES SHIP ENTERPRISE AND TAUGHT TO USE BOTH HANDS EQUALLY WELL.

O'BRIEN AND RYAN IN NEXT IMPORTANT BATTLE

Attell and Harris Are Sought by Pugilistic Managers
Who Want a Championship Fight.

MITCHELL COMING OVER WITH ENGLISH FIGHTERS.

Britt and Nelson Still Wrangling Over Money Matters--Lightweights Hold the Pugilistic Stage--Good Boxing in New York City.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Tommy Ryan are two names for the matchmakers to conjure with, and everything now points to them as the participants in the next importantistic contest. For a good many moons Ryan has had an aching heart to fight the Philadelphian for the middleweight title, and only his refusal to concede several pounds in weight kept them from meeting, but Ryan now realizes his opportunity of acquiring two titles by beating his rival, and may be persuaded now to waive the weight problem to get a match. Immediately after his victory over Fitzsimmons, O'Brien expressed a willingness to fight Ryan. As a matter of fact Ryan was the first name which fell from O'Brien's lips when asked whom he wanted to fight next. When Tommy heard what his old-time enemy was saying about him, he directed his manager, Jack Curley, to break his silence and talk business with him. Just at present Ryan and Hart are at the head of a burlesque show which is successfully touring the Northwest. Jack Curley is in charge of their affairs. The show opens in San Francisco the last week in this month, and when it does we will hear more fight talk.

Just to have a match under way, Curley wrote Jimmy Coffroth, suggesting a match between Ryan and O'Brien. The local matchmaker replied to Curley's communication at once, and though he did not divulge its exact contents, it is known that Coffroth looks with favor upon the match. Ryan will be ready to meet O'Brien in March or April, which will suit the latter, as his contract with the theatrical man expires the 1st of March. Tommy has not taken part in a big battle in some length of time, as he retired on account of poor health. His stomach went back on him, and he retired to his farm in Michigan, where he is reported to have gained weight as well as health. Few will deny that Ryan was not one of the greatest fighters of his time. He has been accused of picking easy ones and dodging the hard ones. There may be some truth in this, but the fact remains that when Ryan has met a classy boxer he has invariably come out on top. It was Ryan who taught Jim Jeffries his first lessons in boxing, and when the latter won the championship from Fitzsimmons many critics lavished praise upon the instructor. But for Ryan's brains and Ryan's skill Jeff would not have been champion when he did, avowed not a few wits. Jeffries might have won without Tommy's instruction, but there is no question about him being a great help to the big fellow.

Ryan has always had the reputation of being a hard man to do business with, and for this reason many clubs have refused to match him, great as his reputation as a fighter is. He has flunked out of a number of matches for reasons best known to himself, but he probably means business this time.

Tommy Ryan's position in the matter is best explained by the following letter written by Curley, his manager:

"Ryan is ready now to make the match with O'Brien and fight him for the middleweight championship. Of course we started by saying O'Brien must make 154 pounds, but that is not final. March or April date would prove satisfactory for Ryan, and we are willing to quit the show and begin working for the fight two months before the fight date. You will surely be surprised when you see Tommy. He never looked better in his life. He weighs every ounce of 170 pounds and works like a two-year-old. Pictures of a fight between him and O'Brien will be the greatest ever. See what O'Brien says about fighting Ryan for the middleweight championship, and as we know he will refuse to make 154 ringside, let O'Brien set the limit. Maybe he will say 155 pounds at the ringside is the weight, and if he does, maybe that will be all right. If he says catch weights, Marvin Hart is ready to fight O'Brien. Please write me to Butte, Mont., and tell me if you will take the match up and we will post forfeits with Harry Corbett as soon as you can sign them and we are ready."

Looks as if the rest of it was up to the Philadelphian.

Interest is now being centered in a possible match for featherweight world's championship honors between Abe Attell and Harry Harris of Chicago. The boys are very friendly, but as it is a matter of business with them they would not mind settling who is the better man in a twenty-four foot ring. Harris is one of the few fighters who, having left the ring for a period of years, has taken care of himself. He has not done any serious fighting since he beat Pedlar Palmer in England over three years ago. After that match he went into the business department of a New York theatre and thus far has acquitted himself with credit. All the time that Harris was absent from the game, though, he found time to visit the gymnasium and take plenty of exercise. In this way he was able to keep up his muscle and health. He showed recently at one of the local clubs in a three-round bout and proved that his hitting powers and cleverness have not deserted him.

A match between Attell and Harris would be a fine drawing card, and the latter would not have any trouble in getting down to the featherweight limit, 122 pounds. Harris said recently that he can do 120 pounds in a pinch, but it is evident that he would be in better form at 122 pounds. There is no denying that

Attell is one of the cleverest little men that has been developed in the past decade. There are few things about the manly art that he does not know. His only drawback, and a most regrettable one, too, is that he cannot punch. Were it not for this Attell might have as easy sailing among the lightweights and possibly among the welterweights as he has now in his own division. Attell is now matched to meet Joe Bowker of England before the National Sporting Club, London. This scrap does not take place until next Spring. Attell does not care to remain idle until then.

In the interest of several American boxing promoters, Charley Mitchell, the former British champion, is now in England, for the purpose of engaging a "fleet" of good boxers to come over with him when he returns to the United States.

In the lot there will be such fighters as Joe Bowker,

let them settle it!" and then he branched out eloquently on the merits of the "Judiciary government."

Britt had a certified check with him for \$2,500 which he offered to post with George Conidine to bind the match and for a time it looked as if the whole business would be settled then and there. But finally the men changed their minds and ended by signing a contract to meet within two days after the McGovern-Nelson match and arrange for a fight to take place between Britt and the Dane whether the latter was beaten by McGovern or not.

Noian insisted that the proposed match between the Californian and his charge be arranged on the winner take all basis and Britt immediately agreed.

Another lightweight comer who will bear watching is Unk Russell, who showed some of his latent fighting quality the other night in Philadelphia, "when he put it all over" Kid Sullivan, the Washington Phenom, who until recently was looked upon as the coming lightweight champion. In the fight with Sullivan, Russell had the better of every round, scored two knockdowns and several times had Sullivan in such shape that the Washingtonian had to hang on to save himself.

It was expected that the two boys, who have reputations as sluggers, would give a biff-bang exhibition, but Russell was so far the master of the Kid that mixups were rather few, Sullivan being the receiver general of the large majority of the blows.

Not only was the one-sided nature of the contest a surprise, but even more so was the cleverness exhibited by the Philadelphian. Heretofore Russell has been a slugger, but coached by Young Erne, he showed considerable science. He used a left jab with telling effect on Sullivan's face, each of these blows he almost invariably followed up with a right swing or a right uppercut to the Kid's face or body.

Despite the terrific punishment which he received and the fact that he was twice sent to the floor and once battered through the ropes, Sullivan took his punishment gamely and was always trying to get in one of his famous swings. Russell now intends to try for bigger game and talks of meeting Battling Nelson or Jimmy Britt if he can get a match.

Veteran followers of ring happenings who can recall the famous fist fighters who antedated war times will be surprised to learn that living at Old Bridge, N. J., is a fighter of the old school who was a

vania say so. Jeffords ought to have been a champion, but he was a disappointment. Though a fast, clever boxer, the moment he entered the ring he usually tossed aside all caution and waded in and slugged with both hands until something happened.

As a teacher of the game he should be a great success, and Pennsylvania has engaged a man who will work and root for them from end to end. He has all the mental requirements needed to work with the husky collegians, and he has the strength of an ox. Recently he has shown great form, beating Gus Ruhlin, conqueror of Tom Sharkey; and the fact that he was going to retire to the teaching game comes as a surprise.

Mike Murphy, and no better athletic trainer lives in the world, thinks well of the big fellow, and has been teaching him some of the finer points of the training game of which he is a past master, and it may not be long before Jeffords will be given some of the football men to reduce to the shape exacted in the sturdy struggle required on the gridiron.

Get a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," price ten cents; postage two cents extra; and you'll have the best book of the kind ever published. It contains thirty full-page photos of sporting celebrities.

What has become of the old-time fighters who used to flourish in the days of the Horton law, is the question frequently asked by the patrons of the little boxing clubs now open in and about New York City. Very few of them are seen nowadays. When the game started a couple of months ago, the matchmakers broke their necks trying to get the fighters with a past reputation to appear. The reason for this was that they were afraid to introduce new blood for fear that the members of the clubs would not take kindly to the idea. Now, however, youngsters who were not heard of less than a year ago are receiving every encouragement and the old-timer is sidetracked. The members demand new talent because they are convinced that the ambitious fighter will try to do his level best. A club on the West side of the town reserves two or three bouts for novices at the organization's shows. If the novice shows any indication of better things in the ring he is immediately boosted until he eventually appears in the star mill or the windup. In this way many new fighters are developed and the sport becomes all the more popular. Since the game was revived in New York over fifty pugilists have appeared. The scrappers are young, very few having reached their nineteenth year. They are strong and healthy and keep crowding the well-seasoned bruisers for their laurels.

SAM C. AUSTIN,

HARD TO "DOPE" FIGHTERS.

Small Things Which Bettors Fail to Take Into Consideration.

"Doping" fighters and "doping" horses on form are two very different propositions, as the wise ones found out after losing their coin on Bob Fitzsimmons in his recent fight with O'Brien. To those who allowed sentiment to sway them in placing their money on the Cornishman there is yet a disposition to believe that the better man won after all, but the form players are still inclined to be dubious. On the "dope" Fitzsimmons looked like a sure winner, but one point, a very important one, too, was overlooked by the bettors when they placed their money on the Cornishman. And that was regarding the rules under which the encounter was fought. The conditions were that the men were to break clean and that there was to be no hitting in the clinches. The backers of Fitzsimmons must have seen what a great advantage O'Brien had. It meant that the younger and agile man, who has made a reputation for speed and footwork in the ring, could move about at will without fear of Fitz sneaking over a hook or a crushing swing before O'Brien had a chance to get in position for an attack. It also meant that Fitzsimmons, with his acknowledged strength and craftsmanship, would be prevented from utilizing some of those wrestling tricks of which he is capable and thus wearing O'Brien down by incessant clinching and roughing. These points should have been invaluable as a guide to those who thought that the auburn-haired scrapper was an excellent gambling proposition.

When Fitzsimmons fought Jim Jeffries it was just these tactics that contributed to the Cornishman's downfall. Jeffries, with his bulk and strength roughed and shoved Fitzsimmons about the ring at will. It was a perfectly legitimate proceeding, as the men battled under straight Marquis of Queensberry rules. When Jeffries rushed in he planted his 220 pounds against the 165 pounds or thereabouts of Fitzsimmons. Now it is no easy task to avoid a big man rushing all the time without getting tired. After the first round Fitzsimmons realized that Jeffries' weight more than the boulder's skill was to be feared, and he tried to offset this by fighting clever or indulging in a lot of side-stepping. Fitzsimmons took his corner after the first round pretty well used up, not from Jeffries' blows, but from the big fellow's pounds. And when Jeffries dropped Fitzsimmons on all fours to the carpet in the second round with a left hook to the chin Fitzsimmons was on the path to defeat.

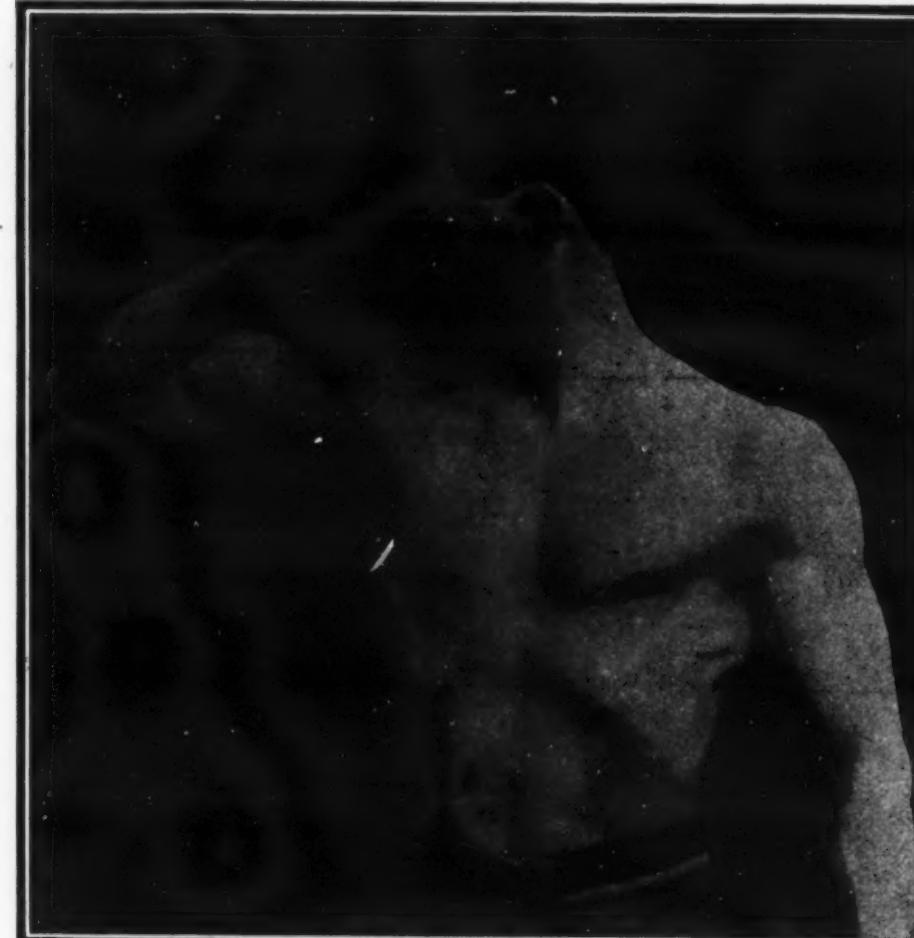
O'Brien must have foreseen this when he made the match with the lanky one. He knew that by hopping about the ring and having Fitzsimmons chase him, the latter would soon be leg weary. He also figured that by getting in an occasional body blow or jab he would be in a position to pave the way for his rival's defeat. And it all happened just as the Quaker scrapper had planned. If it should come to pass that O'Brien and Marvin Hart agree to fight, persons with a desire to speculate on the outcome should bear in mind that O'Brien would have the better chance of success if the rules called for a clean break.

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ARTHUR C. PORTER.

A Tonsorialist of 167 Burton Street, Cleveland, O., who has made an Athlete of himself by Going Through the Exercises in the Police Gazette Physical Culture Books.

Owen Moran, Jabez White and possibly the English heavyweight champion, Jack Palmer.

There is no better judge of a boxer than Mitchell, and in addition to these, who are all well known, he promises to have something in the way of a surprise in some of the coming boys of England. The general awakening of boxing in the East has made this look like a good venture, and there promises to be English material enough to keep the American boxers moderately busy for a time, at least.

Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson are still at loggerheads and the latter refuses even to concede a return match until the financial difficulties are adjusted. Britt and the Dane's manager, Billy Nolan, met at Considine's Metropole Hotel, on Broadway, the other day and Nolan told Britt that there was still \$5,666 due Nelson for his share in Britt-Nelson fight pictures, and said that if that sum were paid, then and only then would he consent to give Britt a match with Nelson.

The Dane and his manager declared that they had never received any money for their rights to the pictures, and this point was discussed for half an hour or more. Britt showed that it was through no fault of his that Nelson had not received his share, and promised to do all in his power to have the thing settled to Battling's entire satisfaction.

"The thing is in the courts," said Jimmy; "why not

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DON'T HESITATE TO ASK US ABOUT ANYTHING.

Our Sources of Information Are Accurate and Our Decisions Settle Many Wagers for Our Readers.

Nick Boy, Davenport.—E wins.

K. D. G., Waterville.—Five fours is right.

E. A., Tacoma.—No official weights were taken.

H. S. W., Reno.—Do not know his present address.

J. H., Wilburton.—His right name is Joseph Hagan.

N. L. H., Norfolk.—Setback and auction pitch is all the same.

P. D., Salem.—"Police Gazette Sporting Annual" has been sent to you.

W. M., Croghan.—Was Fitzsimmons knocked out by O'Brien?....He was not.

H. C. B., Beaverdale, Pa.—Was John L. Sullivan champion of the world?....No.

F. L. F., Suffern.—In a three-handed game of pinochle, what does 4 kings and 4 queens count?....240.

J. I., San Antonio.—What is Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's won?....American, of Irish descent.

P. H. T., Minneapolis.—What nationality is Philadelphia Jack O'Brien?....American, of Irish descent.

J. F., Dover.—Are there four royal flushes held at the same time and which wins?....They are all equal.

L. B. B., Hamilton.—What is Jack O'Brien's nationality and right name?....1. American. 2. Joseph Hagan.

C. E. C., Halifax.—Inform me the number of rounds Tug Wilson stood against John L. Sullivan?....Four rounds.

G. C., Manchester.—What is the value of one three spot and four four spots in cribbage? J says it makes 18; G says 20?....20 is right.

J. C. O'B., Whitney Point.—Is Philadelphia Jack O'Brien fighting under his name or under some other name?....His name is Joseph Hagan.

W. T., Chicago.—Four-handed sixty-six; over-bidding; A is first bid and mentions 100; B says all tricks, can a hold bid?....A can hold bid.

M. V. T., Hudson.—J. C. bets J. M. that Marvin Hart got a decision over Jack O'Brien; J. M. bets he did not; who wins?....No decision was rendered in their fight.

R. M. C., Faust.—Have you any record of a light-weight boxer or athlete by the name of William Carroll? Did he box a man by the name of Mike Daly?....No record of it.

E. R. L., Maywood.—As James J. Jeffries has retired from the ring who is the real champion?....Title is void same as it was before Corbett and Fitzsimmons fought for it.

W. H., Housatonic.—If a Frenchman and his wife come to this country with the intention to become a citizen, does his children that are born in this country have to go to France and be soldiers?....Not if they are children of citizens of the United States.

E. J. S., Middleboro.—Did Joe Gans ever box Mike (Twin) Sullivan or Jack, his brother?....See their records in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual"; six two-cent stamps.

S. A. M., Grayville.—How old is John L. Sullivan?....Born Oct. 15, 1858. If you are a betting man you ought to have a "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." It contains lots of statistics and data.

W. J. B., Houghton.—Send six two-cent stamps for the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," which contains complete records of both men, and hundreds of dollars worth of betting information.

D. G., Spokane.—A and B are playing seven-up; clubs are trumps; A begs; B runs the cards and turns up the jack of clubs; does the jack of clubs count a point for B?....Yes, Jack always counts.

J. H. C., Minneapolis.—A says Chicago won't score a touch down against Michigan; B says Chicago will score a touch down against Michigan; was the safety made or made of such a nature as to win the bet?....No.

W. D., Chicago.—In regard to the fight at Carson City between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, was Corbett knocked out or counted out? Is there any difference between the two decisions?....1. He was counted out. 2. Yes.

P. C., Chicago.—What constitutes a scratch in dog fighting. I have your "Book of Rules," it doesn't say whether or not a dog has to take a hold when he goes over to his adversary's corner?....He doesn't have to take a hold.

H. E., Newark.—Game of pinochle; it is A's deal; A shuffles cards and passes to B, who cuts and also shuffles and claims A has no right to cut and shuffle again; A claims he has that privilege; who is right?....A is right.

C. H., Frostburg.—A bet has been registered as to who won the Fitzsimmons and Corbett fight?....Points at Carson City, Nevada? Who won the fight by points?....It wasn't "point" fight. Fitz won and got the money, that's all.

W. T. H., Tremont.—Did Tommy Ryan fight Jack Dempsey before or after Fitzsimmons fought him? How many rounds did John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fight at Richeburg, Miss?....1. After. 2. Seventy-five rounds, London rules.

C. N. C., Albert Lea.—Who is the welterweight champion?....A and B made a bet; A bets that Fitz was knocked out; B bets that Fitz was not, because he walked to his chair after the gong rang. Who wins?....1. Jimmy Gardiner. 2. You are right, he was not knocked out.

W. J. P., Renville.—In a game of draw poker where they force Jack pots; A opens pot; B stays; D stays; draw cards; A passes the bet; B passes bet; D

passes; B claims queen pot; D claims he wins pot by having the best hand; A says nothing, who wins pot?....D wins pot if he has best hand.

D. O., Spokane.—A, B, and C are playing stud poker; A has \$3; B and C have \$60 each; A has six in hole; deuce, five, six and nine in sight. B has eight in hole; two kings, seven and nine. C has four in hole; five, ace, queen and ten in sight; A has money all in pot. C makes B lay down his two kings. Who wins main pot?....A wins.

R. J. C., Minneapolis.—What is Jack O'Brien's correct name?....Joseph F. Hagan.

O. A., Beaumont.—In a two-handed game of seven-up; when there is a tie for game; who gets it?....Non-dealer.

B. D., Rochester.—What is the quickest hitch for two horses in the New York Fire Department?....Less than a minute.

J. McC., Capitan, N. M.—Cribbage; A bets B that twenty can be made out of four threes with a six spot turned up; how many can be made?....Twenty is right.

J. M. M., Indianapolis.—If A has two points to go in seven-up and B has one; B deals the cards and turns jack; A holds high and low; who goes out first?....B wins.

E. McE., Marion.—In case we are eight apiece; which wins first in seven-up; low, Jack or high, game?....If we are nine apiece; does Jack turned up beat high?....1. Low, Jack. 2. Jack wins.

M. C., Brockton.—A bets B that in playing a game of draw poker, five cents up, the dealer opens the pot for ten cents; how much does it cost the rest of the players to draw cards?....Ten cents.

T. F., Riverside.—Auction pitch; bidding to the board; A and B; game is ten points; A is seven; B is nine; B bids three; A refuses and pitches; B holds the two spot; A makes high, Jack, game; who wins?....B wins.

J. R., Albany.—Is Eugene Blythe the champion lightweight wrestler? Does his victory over Bothner in Montreal last Winter entitle him to call himself champion?

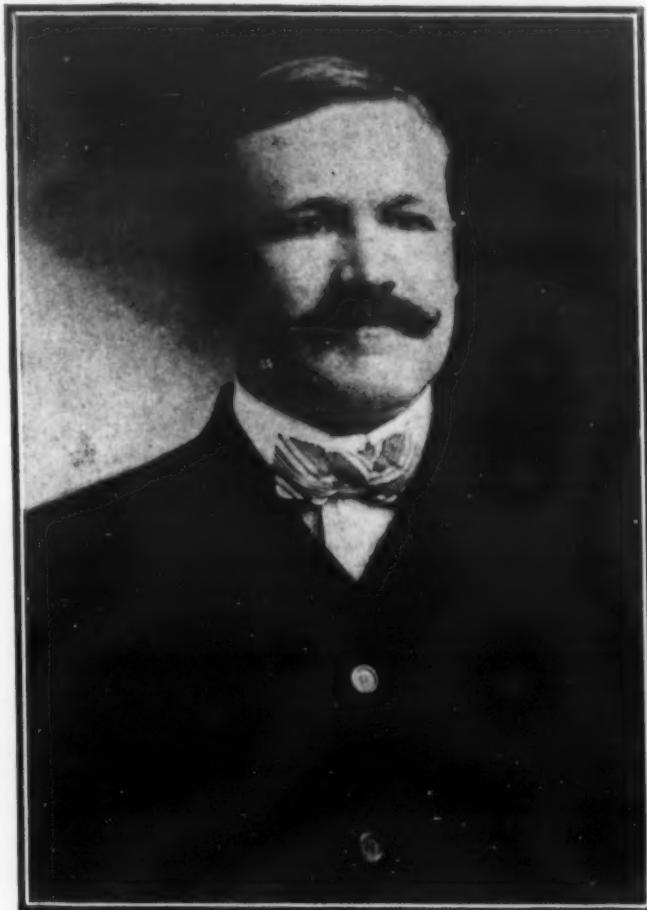
J. R., Clearwater.—Is Louis Cyr still champion strong man of the world?....1. No, they did not wrestle at the lightweight limit. 2. Don't know.

W. C. W., St. Louis.—A and B play six games of pinochle; A wins five games and B wins one; for ten cents a game; how much does A win?....A pinochle player has in his hand 150 trumps; can be mention 40 trumps and then mention 150 trumps on the same; he takes a trick after he mentions 40 trumps?....1. 40 cents. 2. Yes.

L. M., Boston Harbor.—Where can the recitation "The Face Upon the Barroom Floor" be had? What would be the cost of "The Ravings of John McCullough"?....1. Write to Sam Bernard, Herald Square Theatre, New York City. 2. Any phonograph supply company can sell it to you. "Poker; How to Win," will be mailed you on receipt of six 2-cent stamps.

Reader, Pawtucket.—Who is the recognized billiard champion of the world? Who is the billiard champion of the United States, and does Roberts, of England, have to allow his opponent a lead of 2,000 on a match game of 5,000 or over?....A says an English billiardist made a run of 2,000 without a miss; says it can't be done? What is the biggest run on record for

billiards here or in England, and by whom? What is the record run for pool, and by whom? Who is the world's champion pool player? What is the name of the world's champion trotter and pacer, and what is the time of each for a mile? Who is the bicycle sprinting champion of the world?....1. Owing to different styles of billiard playing the title is in dispute. 2. Jake



P. A. KUNKEL.

An Ex-soldier who is Conceded to be the Most Popular Police Officer in Manila, Philippine Islands.

Schaefer—sometimes. 3. Certainly, it can at that style. 4. At what style? Caroms, balk line, etc. 5. 118 balls by Clearwater, on a 4½ by 9 table. 6. De Oro. 7. Send six two-cent stamps for the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906. Contains all the desired information about records.

P. W., 382.—Euchre; A and B playing off a three-handed game, C being out; A turns up a heart, right bower, and B passes; A turns it down for B to make it; B has two clubs and two spades and one heart in his hand; he makes it diamonds and wins his point; now the question is, had he a right to make it diamonds without a diamond in his hand?....He had the right to make it diamonds.

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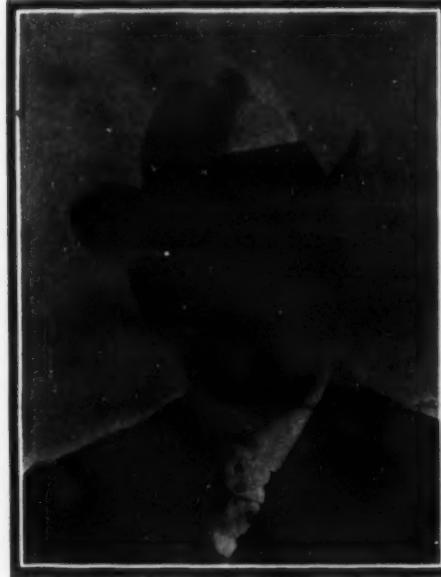
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SAMMY SMITH.

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Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips
in This Column.



Bernard Meyer, of 513 Pacific street, San Francisco, Cal., is the proprietor of a neatly furnished cafe which is patronized by many well-known people on the Coast. Mr. Meyer has a vast experience as a saloonist, and his wet goods are the best that money can buy. He is popular with the sporting fraternity, for many years a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE and a lover of sports.

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This is going to be a record breaking contest; anyone can see that, and we want to have the union bartenders in it as strong as possible.

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SECOND PRIZE-\$50.00 Gold Medal.

THIRD PRIZE-\$25.00 Gold Medal.

Look them over.

A new recipe for a new drink will win them.

Go ahead.

Don't forget your photograph.

Send it with your recipe, and both will be published.

THOMAS J. JR.

(By T. J. Green, Washington House, Naperville, Ill.)

Use three ounce whiskey glass, one-half lemon, two dashes Angostura, two bar spoons syrup and whiskey or brandy to suit customer.

AMERICAN COCKTAIL.

(By Anonymous, St. Louis, Mo.)

Take large bar glass, fill half full cracked ice, one dash Angostura, half wine glass Creme de Menthe, half wine glass Italian Vermouth, one dash Absinthe, stir up well and strain in cocktail glass.

JEFF, CITY, MO., HIGHBALL.

(By Billy Beat, Jefferson City, Mo.)

Make like any highball. Then add a dash of Curacao, two Maraschino cherries and add two spoons of the juice. Put two small pieces of ice in the highball glass.

WESTERN WRESTLER WON.

Eddie Barr, of Milwaukee, defeated Charles Leonhardt, of Newark, at Knoxville, Tenn., on Jan. 10 in a mixed wrestling match. Leonhardt won the first fall at Greco-Roman style, in forty-one minutes. Barr took the second at catch-as-catch-can, in thirteen minutes, and had the privilege of choosing the style for the third bout. He then threw Leonhardt, catch-as-catch-can, in fourteen minutes, winning the match.

JOHNSON'S JUDGMENT WON.

The all star bout at the Clipper A. C., New York, on Jan. 8, brought together Eddie Johnson, a local fighter, who has been climbing the ladder lately, and Harry Connor, a Bronx featherweight. Connor and Johnson met for three rounds, and the contest was full of action. Johnson by using good judgment won.

Patsy Haley, of Buffalo, who fought Terry McGovern years ago, showed that he is still a clever man by outpointing Jimmy Lowe in a fast struggle. Harry Beck was no match for Jimmy Warren. A hard right in the second put Beck down and out. Paddy Leonard fought so fast that Willie West was compelled to quit in the third. Jack Cameron and Joe White figured in a roughhouse bout, punching and wrestling most of the time. It was a draw. George Kitzen and Frankie Sheehan brought hisses from the crowd, as their efforts were of the love tap kind and very tame.

Hammer the Hammer

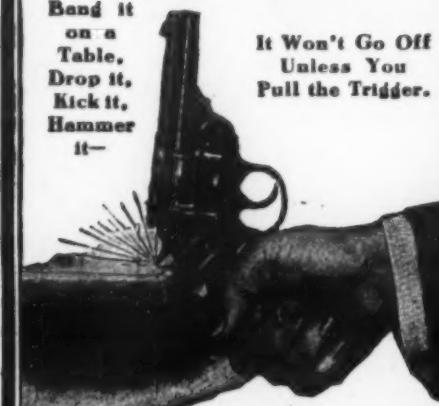
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IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

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Kick it,
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it—

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Pull the Trigger.



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Halftone Photographs.

George Hutch Dritsch, a well patronized saloonkeeper of 1501 South Third street, St. Louis, Mo., is a great hunter. His big game is deer and he is an especially good wing shot.

Edward L. Wagner, of 15 Third street, San Francisco, is a popular saloon keeper and well-known sporting man of the Pacific Coast. He is an all-around good fellow and has a prosperous business.

The members of the Euclid Quartette, of Cincinnati, Ohio, are: William Bamberger, William Adol, Ed Kaucher, and August John. They are under the management of Joseph Blattan, of 143 Vine street, and expect to go into vaudeville.

A group of Flatbush, N. Y., sports is printed on another page. The man on the right with the cigar in his mouth is Mike Furey; the one in the centre wearing the derby hat is Joe Ward, a good barber; sitting on the beer keg is Flora, one of the best carpenters in Flatbush; second on the left is James Furey, and the boy with the white sweater is Pittsburg Joe, a 100-pound wrestler, whose manager, Vincen Lotito, is willing to match him with any 100-pound wrestler in the country.

Portraits of three well-known sporting men of Harlem, New York, appear in this issue. The first is Mike Philbin, a well-known dog handler, who has gained an almost international reputation in the dog world. He formerly resided in Waco, Texas, and has pulled off many flights across the border in Canada. The second is Spike McLaughlin, a promising featherweight, who is fast forging to the front under the shrewd guidance of L. Sandford Shaw, his manager. The third is Jimmy McArdle, one of the best game rooster handlers in the United States and Canada.

TERRY ON THE "ANNUAL."

The following is from a recent issue of the Buffalo Enquirer:

Although Terry McGovern is not given to "shooting the con," as a local friend of his stated the other night, still when waked up to the conversation habit the little ex-terror can hold his own with the best of them. During a fifteen minutes' wait before McGovern went on with his sparring partner, Johnny Burdick, at the Lafayette Theatre, I had a talk with him about some of his past battles. Joe Humphreys, his manager, had just received one of the latest "Police Gazette Sporting Annals," and was looking over the pages with McGovern.

"That book is getting bigger each year," said Terry. "I remember when I was hustling on my way to championship honors I would get down that book every night and go over its pages and wonder if I would ever get my name in the little volume. I not only got it in, but I had the outside cover for a couple of years. I see now, that they have my brother's record there and Johnny Burdick's, too, who is with me as sparring partner."

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KNOCKOUTS AT THE COLMA.

Knockouts were the feature at the boxing exhibition of the Colma A. C., New York, on Jan. 9.

Rube McCarthy was the man with the wallop when he faced Joe McGuire.

At the tap of the gong both fighters rushed to the centre of the ring and a fierce mixup took place. Suddenly Rube pirouetted on his left heel and with his extended left hand he caught his opponent on the point of the jaw and McGuire took the count. McGuire was carried to his corner. After a two-minute rest he went at it again, and after thirty seconds of fast fighting Rube landed a second knockout. This time the bout was stopped for good.

In the star bout, Jack Carroll let Walter Campani hit at him for about two minutes, and then suddenly Carroll straightened his left and Walter took the count. After a two-minute rest Campani came out again and was promptly stowed away for the second time by Carroll. Leo Harrison and Jack Dacy, middleweights, went at it hammer and tongs for two rounds. In the second, during a terrific mixup at the ropes Harrison put a left hook to Dacy's jaw and it took three minutes to bring the latter back to consciousness. Kid Lipple and Bob Moore put up a clever exhibition as long as it lasted, but in the second round Moore landed a solar plexus punch that put his man out of the running. In the other bouts, Larry McGrath decisively beat Kid Harris in one of the fastest mills of the night. McGrath was strong and clever, and he had his man in a bad way when the final bell rang. Bob Adler had the better of Frank Billings in their go.

GOTCH WON EASILY.

Superior weight and strength gave Frank Gotch the victory over the wrestler known as Charles Hackenschmidt, of Sweden, in their Greco-Roman wrestling match at Des Moines, Ia., on Jan. 9. Gotch won both falls.

CALIFORNIA TOURS.

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MURPHY EASILY THE BEST.

Tommy Murphy, the New York bantamweight, won a victory over Johnny Burdick, sparring partner of Terry McGovern, at the Polo A. C., New York, on Jan. 12. Murphy started off in his usual fashion of sailing right in with the expectation of finishing Burdick as quickly as possible. Murphy pounded Burdick hard about the body and face, and in the third round he floored him with a blow on the jaw, and in this round Murphy tried hard to finish Burdick, but failed. In the semi-windup Willie Schumaker, the bantamweight, knocked out Tom Burger in the second round.

DONOVAN'S CLOSE CALL.

Jim Donovan, of England, had a narrow escape from being knocked out by Sammy Campbell, at the Brooklyn Beach A. C., Brooklyn, on Jan. 8. Campbell was in fine form and surprised Donovan. In the third Campbell butted Donovan with his head, catching Jim under the left eye and cutting a deep gash. After that Donovan was wary. The fight was easily in favor of the negro.

Jack Butler and Jimmy McGarry put up a rattling

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content in the second star mill. Billy Newcomb and Mike Devlin fought on even terms. Harry Phelps beat Young Shay in a slashing go. John Kelly and Frank Madden roughed it, with Madden the winner. Jack Walker, whipped Jack Lloyd. Paddy Conway trounced Kid Bolts all through their mill for three rounds, and Eugene Garcia, who took the place of Phillip McGovern, met Harry Lenny. Lenny had Garcia going in the final round and won.

RUSSELL'S GOOD FIGHT.

Uncle Russell, the crack lightweight, of Philadelphia, had a chance to show what he could do against a slugger after his own heart at the Washington Sporting Club, in that city, on Jan. 8. Russell met Kid Sullivan, of Washington, in a six-round bout and was the winner. Sullivan has faced the best men in the business in his class, including Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson, and his defeat was a surprise. In every round save the first the local man had commanding lead, and had the battle continued a few more rounds Russell would have scored a knockout.

YANGER AGAIN IN ACTION.

Benny Yanger was scheduled to clash with Andy McGarry in a three-round argument at the Olympic A. C., New York, on Jan. 10, but declined to meet him at the last moment as McGarry was ten pounds over weight.

Joe Lewis took McGarry's place, and he was forced to take the count in the first round. Later on McGarry almost succeeded in putting out Ryall, of Philadelphia.

The best fight of the evening was between Kid Eckart and Harry Fisher. Both fighters were bleeding when the gong sounded for the end, and one good, hard punch would have put either out.

John Carroll knocked out Harry Jones in the second round. Billy Kelly knocked out Nick Muller in the third. Frankie Call delivered the sleep producing punch to Mike Donnegan in the first.

DOUGLAS AND CONNELLY DRAW.

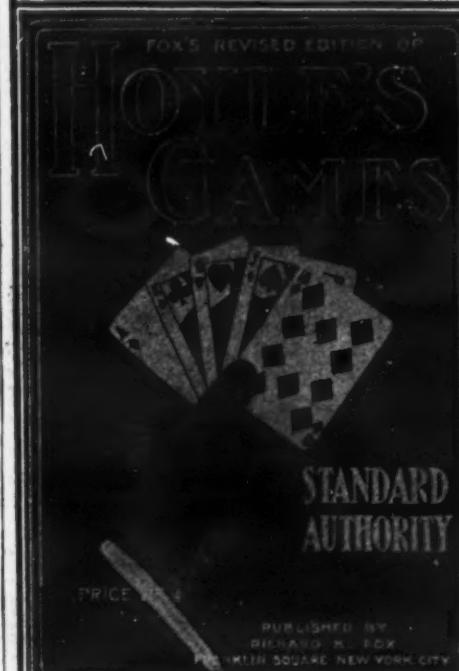
Fred Douglas of Brooklyn and Bartley Connelly, of Portland, fought fifteen rounds to a draw before the Case A. C., Portland, Me., Jan. 9. It was a fast and hard-hitting bout.

TEMPLE PUT BOWSER AWAY.

Larry Temple, the colored boxer, knocked out Mull Bowser, at East Pittsburg, Pa., on Jan. 12, in what was scheduled to be a ten-round argument. Bowser was not fast enough to stand off the colored man, who put him down twice in the third, second time for the final count. The men fought at 145 pounds, and 1,500 people crowded into the room of the Mutual Beneficial Association to see the mill. Temple two nights before fought twelve rounds at Beaver Falls with Jack Young, and it was given out that both his hands had been hurt. This may have caused Bowser to be careless.

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